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MADGE MORRISON,

The Molalla Maid and Matron.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNIWAY,

AUTHOR OF "JUDITH REID," "ELLEN DOWD," "AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "ONE WOMAN'S SPHERE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

Jason Andrews rode away in the direction of The Falls, brooding moodily over his troubles, and again and again accusing his household of ingratitude. The thought that he was under any obligation to Mrs. Morrison to protect her children, now that she had become Mrs. Andrews, did not once cross his brain.

"*I'll* show her!" he hissed, between his teeth, as he urged the mare forward, failing, in his excitement, to realize the flight of time; "I'll git on a spree that'll last a month! Catch me givin' in to a lot o' women!"

After a two hours' ride the sun went down, and the pale moon beamed upon his fevered face with a tranquilizing radiance, while the evening breezes stirred his tangled hair, producing a soothing effect, that for a while seemed to cool his excited senses.

"I'll go back to Nancy!" he suddenly exclaimed, aloud, as he quickly drew the rein and half put his resolve into execution. "No, I won't go back," was his next conclusion. "They'll think they've conquered me if I do. The neighbors won't stand it without grumblin' if I drive Madge away, neither, hang it all! The very devil's in the young one. If I'd a' married her instead o' the ole woman, I'd a' struck a better lead. As my wife she'd a' been docile enough once she was well broke in. Her mother's not got any very strong p'ints about her, and she'd be a purty fair mother-in-law. But it's too late. I married the wrong customer, an' must stand it, I s'pose."

Riding on, and ruminating thus till the evening was far spent, Jason at length sought and obtained lodgings at a cabin by the road-side, where he confided the story of his domestic woes to a bevy of sympathizers, who were ready at once to stand by him and see that the poor down-trodden man hereafter had fair play. Much to his surprise, one of the ladies of the household was a recent arrival, and his mother-in-law.

Poor Jason Andrews! As soon as he was made aware of her proximity, he felt himself growing very red in the face, while his heart rose like a great lump in his throat.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Polly Perkins here! I never heerd of it."

"She came here several days ago," explained an old woman, who knocked the ashes from her pipe as she paused in her speaking, and then leisurely relighted it, while Jason fidgeted uneasily in his chair. "She got as far as The Falls," continued the woman, "coming by steamer; and a rough trip she had of it, too. She's been tryin' for two or three months to get a chance to go from The Falls to her grand-children. She grieves about 'em a great deal."

"Can I see her?" asked Jason, as deferentially as though he had never dragged her daughter away from her by force, and hid her in the wilderness, in spite of her protest, till she died; as though he had always loved and cherished that daughter, and religiously fulfilled his marriage contract; as though he had never vowed to have nothing more to say to the mother under any circumstances.

"I'm glad he's coming to his senses," said the mother-in-law, to herself, as she, with heart swelling with grief, stood listening in an adjoining room.

Then, advancing, she stood in his presence and offered her hand. How hard it was to greet him thus, with enforced calmness, let other mothers who have passed through similar ordeals attempt to answer.

"How d'ye?" and Jason hung his head.

Mrs. Perkins could only sob in silence.

"When did ye leave the States?"

Jason asked the question as though the words were just ready to stick in his throat.

"As soon as I got word that—that—that you would speak to me; and when I heard that Mary was dead. I didn't get the letter till it was five years old. It came one day while I was out of the house for a moment, and the neighbor that brought it put it between the leaves of a book that was seldom opened. It was very strange that it should have been overlooked so long. I sometimes fear that there's no just God in heaven. Why should God permit my child to be torn from me and dragged away, with her band of little ones, among wild beasts and wild Indians?"

The speech, though natural under the circumstances, was a very imprudent one to make. It only roused the slumbering ire of the son-in-law and gave him an excuse for being ugly.

"I've got one woman—yes, two of 'em—at home that well-nigh nag the life out o' me now, an' I'll put up with no more nonsense, madam!" he said, sternly.

"What, Jason? Are you married again?" and the mother-in-law turned deathly pale.

Indeed, it was little wonder that she was sorely pained by the news, for the whole story of her daughter's death had been so recent and startling.

"Why shouldn't I be married? Ain't I my own boss?" answered Jason, with a grin.

"Is your wife kind to the children?" she asked, anxiously.

"A plaguey sight kinder than she is to me," was the gruff reply.

"Do you suppose she'd welcome me if I should visit her?"

"I reckon so. At least, ye can only be turned away. I won't be home for a month o' Sundays. Hell's to pay there. Women have their heads so full o' property rights an' all sich nonsense now-a-days that the less a man has to do with 'em the better."

"It's some consolation," thought the widow, as Jason Andrews retired for the night and left her to her own sad thoughts, "to know that somebody has possession of him at last that can't be twisted, like a willow whip, around his thumb and finger."

Bright and early on the following morning, before anybody else was astir, the lawful head of the Morrison family was again jogging along toward The Falls. Although a "month of Sundays" did not elapse before his return, a month of week days went by; and while we leave him in the growing little city, enjoying the full immunity of a "right" to which we assure our friends no woman aspires who reads these pages—a right to indulge in beastly intoxication as long as his credit lasts—let us accompany the bereft and defrauded mother to the abode of her grand-children at Molalla Moorland.

It was at the close of as lovely a summer day as ever shed its balmy softness upon the velvet earth. All day long had the widow followed the rough highway, the horse she had borrowed for the purpose being an Indian plug which could not walk and would not trot. Its pace was a gentle "loping" or vaulting motion, to which she gradually became accustomed, though when her journey was ended, and she was ready to alight from the great, clumsy Spanish saddle, she was so completely exhausted as to be unable to stand upon her stiffened feet.

The six children of her departed daughter and the two youngest of the Morrison family had been sent away to a neighbor's, and Madge was alone with her mother. For an hour the girl had been terrified beyond expression. Her mother was alarmingly ill, and the only physician in all the region roundabout had been called to a distant farm-house, the head of the family, as the reader knows, was away from home, asserting his "rights," and Madge, for once in her life, had lost all self-possession, and was trembling from lack of knowledge as to what to do next, when the timely arrival of Mrs. Perkins sent a thrill of gladness through her, and at once restored her to self-confidence.

"Help is coming, mother dear," she said, cheerfully.

"Who? Is it the doctor?" asked her mother, in a hopeless way.

"No; she's a strange lady."

Mrs. Perkins fell to the ground while Madge was speaking, and the girl with difficulty repressed a shriek.

"Can I go to the gate a minute, mother? I want to hitch her horse," she said, in tones of hearty assurance, which were well assumed.

"Don't be gone long, will you?" was the weak reply.

Madge found the stranger so dizzy from the constant rocking motion of the pony that she could not walk.

"It's nothing, ma'am. You'll get over it presently. People who are not used to horseback riding are accustomed to giddiness if they ride far. Did you come to see my mother?"

"I came to see my grandchildren. I am Mrs. Perkins, the mother of Jason Andrews' first wife."

"Indeed!"

"I am. And where are her children?"

"Gone to a neighbor's, ma'am. They'll come home when we send for 'em, though."

"Has your mother driven them away?" and the woman, who had by this time regained her feet, looked startled and indignant.

"Why, bless you, no!" said Madge. "Mother is very ill, and we sent 'em away to stay till she gets better."

"Where did you say I might find them?" making an effort to remount her pony, and only succeeding in spraining her ankle.

"Please don't go now," pleaded Madge. "Mother is dangerously ill; I've lost my own power, somehow, and Jason's gone. I don't know what to do. You shall see the children soon. They're all well and happy, and we've told them about you so much that you won't seem like a stranger."

Thus urged, the widow mechanically obeyed.

"O, mother! guess who's come?" cried Madge. "Don't you think poor Mary Andrews' mother is here! And she knows all about midwifery, and can do anything for you that's needed."

"How do you know that?" asked Mrs. Perkins, in surprise.

"*I feel it in my bones!*"

"Madge, I'm glad to see you coming to your senses again," said her mother, with a sigh of relief.

"She thinks I'm a fool when I see with my eyes shut, or feel with my bones, and then, when I get out of the way of it for a spell, she thinks I'm out of my senses," thought Madge.

Mrs. Perkins saw that no time was to be lost. Forgetting her own fatigue and disappointment, she turned her professional attention to the relief of the patient with the happiest results.

Before morning Madge was asleep with a tiny babe in her arms, and Mrs. Perkins was lying exhausted beside the wife of her son-in-law, soothing her into tranquillity by the tenderest assurances of sympathy and aid.

In the morning the numerous family came tramping home, eager to see the new arrival and smother it with kisses.

The meeting between the grandmother and the children being over, and the house once more restored to quiet, with the little ones away at school, Mrs. Perkins took a seat beside the invalid to gather what information she might be able to give concerning her daughter's death.

"There isn't much to tell," said Mrs. Andrews. "Jason was sober and steady about his work, and they got along after a fashion. He wasn't cross, particularly, but he didn't sympathize with her, and she pined for a little petting and coaxing that he couldn't see the need of. She was very anxious for you to forgive her, and the last act of her life was to sign the letter that you say you only received so recently."

"Have *you* been happy with Jason Andrews?"

The question was an abrupt one. Possibly it was in bad taste, but at all events it had been asked, and Mrs. Perkins could not recall it.

"I 'happy with Jason Andrews,' did you say?" and the poor wife smiled sadly. "Can the dove mate happily with the hawk, or the robin with the jay?"

"Then why did you marry him? You ought to have known him well enough to have understood this before. Then his drunken sprees—how could you ever reconcile yourself to them?"

"I married him because—because—well, because, like many other women who ought to know better than to throw themselves away, I acted the fool."

"How?"

"I allowed him to talk sentimental one day; to tell me how lonely he was; how he pined for somebody to love him, and all that. He talked in this way till I felt sorry for him. Then he said the neighbors were connecting our names together in a disreputable way, and we'd better get married to checkmate gossip."

"But how could you endure his drunkenness?"

"I knew nothing whatever about it. Your daughter had never even hinted to me that he was in any way addicted to the cup."

"Of course you'd never hear of that from her. She knew before she married him that he would occasionally indulge in sprees. But he made her believe that he only needed her love and her gentle influence to restrain him, and he would then reform altogether. This is the sixth time that man has been absent from home, on a drunken debauch, at the birth of one of his children. Their last baby was born on the plains, where he couldn't get liquor, else doubtless he would have been intoxicated then."

"Strange, very strange that Mrs. Andrews never told me about it," cried the wife, who had stepped into the dead woman's shoes, all unconscious of their quality.

"Wives never tell these disgraceful truths if they can help it," said Mrs. Perkins. "Indeed, my poor Mary was the soul of honor about everything else, and yet I have known her to fib before my own face, when she must have known she couldn't deceive me, declaring that Jason was sober, when he was so tipsy he couldn't walk straight."

"Didn't your daughter have any reclaiming influence over him?" asked Madge, while a rosy flush suffused her cheeks, and she thought, with unutterable tenderness, of the sweet words George Hanson had whispered in *her* ear, when he had said he needed *her* to keep *him* in the paths of rectitude.

"No influence whatever, after their marriage," said Mrs. Perkins. "During the few months while their engagement lasted, he did not drink. But they had not been married a week till he came home intoxicated. He knew the law and the power was now in his own hands, and I could no longer prevent her from living in subjection to his will, no matter what he did, so long as he didn't break men's laws, and what did he care for his promises?"

"But is there no *honor* among men?" asked Madge, tremulously.

"Certainly, my dear. Honor without stint, among hosts and hosts of them. But you can't find it among those who tell you that they need the loving devotion of some weak woman, upon whom they can lean in their strength, to save themselves from falling. The man who cannot stand alone will not respect the slender prop of a woman under the constant infliction of enforced child-bearing."

"But why does the law give woman so completely into the power of man?"

"Because man makes the laws, my child. He always has made them, and from his own stand-point, at that. So long as woman is recognized as his property, just so long will these individual grievances last."

"The great trouble with women is that they are fools," said Mrs. Andrews.

"Another trouble is that they are trained so thoroughly in the school of self-sacrifice that they think it womanly to immolate themselves upon the altar of matrimony for the sake of the man they love. While they are well and strong, this really is no sacrifice; but when the penalties of maternity come, and poverty stalks in at the door; when debts and pecuniary disappointments crowd around; and, worse than all, when licentiousness of any kind overmasters the husband, despite the affectionate devotion that thought it only happiness to be self-sacrificing, the wife will rue her bargain in her inmost soul, and nothing but abject ignorance or supreme stolidity will ever prevent it."

"Don't talk any more about it," cried Madge. "I cannot bear to think of it."

"What if you were compelled to realize it?" asked Mrs. Perkins.

Madge arose from her chair in a flurry of excitement and hurriedly left the house.

"My great love *shall* rescue George Hanson from every horrible pit! I'll shield him from temptation and make his way of life so sweet beside mine that he will not care to stray. His impulses are good! I know they are, and Madge Morrison will trust him always."

"Has some wicked person been defaming me in your presence, that you should be excited to such a pitch as this?" queried George Hanson, as he stepped lightly up behind her and looked over her shoulder above the seat upon the great root that was trebly dear to her, since it had been hallowed as their first trysting-place.

As he spoke he threw his arms around her waist and imprinted a hot kiss upon her lips, while her whole being thrilled with a strange sensation of delight.

"How did you know I was here?" said Madge, rising to her feet and blushing like a June rose.

"A little bird told me, darling. But has anybody been traducing me? I want to know all about it."

"No, George; but you told me yourself that you had not always been exactly upright in your habits. You said my love would save you, though, and I try hard to believe it. My mother and Mrs. Perkins—Jason Andrews' first wife's mother, you know—have been talking over the shortcomings of men, and they say that a man who isn't strong enough to walk in the right path when alone will not be kept from falling by a wife when the law gives him all the advantage."

"Beware of strong-minded women, Madgey. Men never love such women. I want to see my darling blossom into a sweet, womanly, clinging, devoted, tender, and trusting wife, whose husband will be all in all to her."

"But, George, how can a woman yield her own individuality except with her life? God gave her will and power and reflection and judgment. She cannot set these aside, no matter how she may struggle to do so. I love you far better than my own life, but I could not cast away my own mind and will, for they are inseparable from my being. I love you because I cannot help it. If I marry you, I must be your counterpart. I don't know how to be a shadow."

George Hanson did not like to hear these words, but knew he must conceal his opinion or lose his prospects, so he said, in order to turn the conversation:

"You said there was a strange lady at the house. What did you say her name was?"

"Perkins—Mrs. Perkins, late from the middle West. Her daughter, the first Mrs. Andrews, has been dead for years, and she never knew it till recently. She is here now visiting her grandchildren."

"Is it possible?" queried George Hanson, to himself. "I never knew that Mary Perkins married an Andrews."

Then aloud:

"What was the first Mrs. Andrews' Christian name?"

"Mary."

"The very same," still speaking aside and to himself only.

Then, turning to Madge, he said, abruptly:

"Did she say anything about me?"

"How should she?" answered Madge. "She hasn't met you yet."

"True, I forgot. And now, Madgey, darling, if you love me you won't mention my name to her, will you? I have a good reason for making the request. I'll explain when we are married."

Young girl like, Madge readily agreed to the proposition, and when a half-hour after she was compelled to excuse herself to attend to duties at the house, she had become so thoroughly infatuated that she would willingly have died for him.

George Hanson did not depart by the highway, which led past the dwelling, but chose a path across the field in the direction of the prospective town, muttering to himself:

"I'll marry Madge before that woman sees me, and then I'll defy the whole lot of 'em."

[To be continued.]

Professor Rudolph says that he has found out that the sun is a white, hot mass, eight hundred and fifty-six thousand miles in diameter, having a surrounding ocean of gas fifty thousand miles deep, with tongues of flame darting upward fifty thousand miles, and volcanic forces that hurl luminous matter to the height of one hundred and sixty thousand miles.

ESSAY.

BY B. W. DUNN.

READ BEFORE THE OREGON STATE WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION AT SALEM, FEBRUARY 9, 1876.

Feeling it to be the duty of every one who sympathizes in the object for which this Association was formed to assist in its plans to the best of his ability, and finding it impossible to be present at its deliberations, I herewith submit the following. If it is worth anything, I shall feel proud of it. If not, no matter; I will have the satisfaction of knowing that I have done my duty to the best of my ability.

The object of the Association, as I understand it, is to advance the cause of woman—to devise the best means by which this can be accomplished. Give her the ballot, and the rest will all all come right. The law of the land is the foundation upon which society is built, and just in proportion to the equality of the law is that of custom. Then let every lover of equal rights and justice to all see that his principles are made manifest by his acts. There are a great many people in this country who will acknowledge the *justice* of giving women the ballot, but the *propriety* they doubt. I fail to see the propriety of doing an injustice to *any* one, much less to our wives and daughters, who would readily lay down their lives for us, if necessary, without a murmur or complaint.

In what does man's exclusive right to the ballot consist? Is it in his superior mental or moral qualities? I say not; for he is not her superior in either of these respects, and that in the latter he is her inferior, I believe is acknowledged by all. Is it in his superior physical strength? If so, let us disfranchise all the weakly men who are not able to grub, or chop and split rails for a living, and elect no man to office who is not able to force his arguments on the people by physical strength, regardless of mental capacity.

"But woman is not educated up to that point to qualify her to vote understandingly." I would ask how many men there are, if asked anything about the fundamental principles upon which our government is founded, can give you an intelligent answer? I will venture to say that not more than one in five can do so. Then let us disfranchise four-fifths of the men, because they are not educated up to the proper point to vote understandingly. The last dodge is, that women, except a few of the strong-minded, do not want to vote. I would like to know how they ascertained the fact that women do not want to vote? Have the women ever had an opportunity to express their sentiments in regard to the matter? My opinion is, that where they have the right to vote they will be very tenacious of it, and use the ballot as freely as the men. For instance, go into the Grangers' or Good Templars' Halls, and see if the women do not take as much interest in the elections as the men do. And if they were allowed the ballot, it would be the same in our general elections. If women have not criticised as profoundly, or created as grandly in literature and art as men have, it is owing to other than physiological causes. It is largely owing to the intellectual discouragement under which they have labored. Woman has fought her way into the field of fiction, and now stands at the head, both in quantity and quality of work. It is a significant fact that the two greatest living masters of fiction are women, who have found it to their advantage to write under the names of men—George Eliot and George Sand. The same is true in all other departments in which woman has aspired to anything outside of the sphere marked out for her by man. I say by man, for I know of no natural reason why women should not be given an equal chance with men in all the arts and sciences, and be allowed any position that she may be qualified to fill, and that, too, with equal pay for equal services.

Now, away back in the long ages of the past, when man was hardly more than a brute; when force was the rule of action, and the weak the prey of the strong, woman, being the more feeble, man obtained the mastery over her, reducing her to subjection, and constituting himself her ruler and lord. This point once secured, he soon made himself her superior in all things.

He allowed her to learn only such things as contributed to make her more useful or pleasing in his eyes, and kept from her all else, because he knew that knowledge was power. He made the laws in his own favor, taking not only herself as his property, but her earnings as his own; and even the children she bore were not hers, but his, to do with as he chose. He advanced step by step in the scale of being, while she kept at due distance in the rear. He endowed colleges, universities, seminaries, and professional schools, and excluded women from authority, from occupying Professor's chairs, and very generally from enjoying even the humble advantages of tuition. He, holding the reins of power, voted himself into all the offices, made the laws to suit his own selfish purposes and to sustain himself in his position as chief and ruler of all, taxing woman's property to sustain him in his reign.

Now, if this is to be the law of to-day, let us change that boasted proposition enunciated by one of our sages, that "taxation without representation is tyranny," and have it read something like this: Taxing *man* without representation is *tyranny;* but taxing *woman* without representation is *justice.*

North Yamhill, February, 1876.

Deacon Skiles' Visit.

Our guest, Deacon Skiles, conducted worship that evening. He was tired and flustrated, and stiff from his long ride, and awkward in my presence, and he blundered badly. He read the first chapter of Matthew, all about "and Aram begat Aminadab, and Aminadab begat Naasson, and Naasson begat Salmon, and Salmon begat Booz," etc., nothing at all appropriate to the occasion, not a word about immersion, or means of grace, or regeneration, or anything relating to Baptist principles.

I was disappointed, more especially when he chose the hymn commencing,

"Hark! from the tomb a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry."

Deacon Skiles always did sing more through his nose than his mouth, and this time his nose twanged like a great brass horn.

Father's lower jaw hung dolorously, and grandma sat with her little, knotted, veiny hands crossed in her lap, while the rest of us behaved becoming the family of Deacon A. Potts.

Would you believe it? in less than five minutes after the "amen-ah," father, and granny, and Jonathan, and the girls, had scooted off to bed, and left the deacon sitting with his feet on the stove-plate and his hands swinging by the thumbs from his vest pockets, while I was twiddling the corners of my black delaine apron. I would have given him the lamp and shown him up stairs instantly, the poor old shriveled vegetarian, only—I might as well confess it, it's human and it's womanly—my years were stealing on apace, and it *might* be that the deacon was my last chance. I thought of my hair, so thin that the skin of my head showed through in a way that looked decidedly threadbare; of my pinched, shrunken nose, that hooked over like an eagle's beak; of the teeth that had gone the way of all good teeth long ago, and I sighed and sat still and stared at the red embers gleaming through the grate.

Well—what was said, none heard but the deacon and myself—a weight of pain lay on my heart as he took the lamp, at half-past eleven, to go to the "company bed," in the chamber joining the square room. As I bade him good-night, I said, "Be kind to your seven little, motherless children, deacon; don't be cold and unloving and keep them away from you."

"Never fear that," said he, glibly. "I'm allus merry, only at a burying. I make it a p'int to be as jolly as a fiddler in my family. Yes, I may say it, in a moral sense, I'm *allus* merry. I never let my boys go up to Mansfield with a wagon-load of projuce, but that I give 'em a half-dollar for spending money, and they allus bring home half a keard or so of gingerbread that they didn't eat."

My heart was touched with pity for the poor man—if he'd reached out his hands brokenly and wanted to have kissed me, I wouldn't have covered my face with my apron, or ran away, or been a bit silly, though really, for the love of it, I'd as lief have gone into the closet under the kitchen stairs and kissed the brown old bladder in which granny had kept her snuff from time immemorial.

While we were at breakfast the next morning a little thing happened that mortified me exceedingly. Deacon Skiles reached over and speared into a potato, and when he went to lift it to his plate, the fork stuck in the potato and the handle staid in his hand. The children nudged and pinched each other, and Jonathan's cheeks swelled out with laughter, and that only shamed me the more.

It is so hard to repress the spirit of fun in young people. I had always taught them not to laugh at another's mishap or blunder, and though I drew my brows and looked stern, it did no good. I blushed, and the embarrassed deacon fumbled in all his pockets, then ducked his head down and took a sudden swallow of father's hot coffee—so hot that it made him roll his tongue up like a scroll, and the unbidden tears come into his eyes. In his embarrassment he took out his glasses and put them on, cleared his throat, rubbed his ears, and then settled himself by adjusting his wide shirt-collar.

Grandma looked as serious as she used to when "calculating" the web on the warping bars; but the three younger members of the household looked as though they all had the mumps in a cheerful way.

Just then father gave the conversation a new turn by remarking that if pork was only four cents a pound, live weight, he believed he'd run the risk and not sell before the spring market opened in March.

We all went out to the mounting-block, and saw Deacon Skiles safely on his horse, with the ample skirts of his "sheep's gray" overcoat tucked warmly about his legs, then father let him through the bars. I thought his gray eyes lingered wistfully upon me as I stood leaning in a picturesque attitude against the gate-post. For effect I had left my hair hanging all spread out like a mist over my shoulders, and I had my Bay-State shawl draped gracefully about my form.

Perhaps it was only conjecture, that tender glance of the deacon's—his eyes do have a weak, watery way of resting themselves sometimes, I observe.

Just as soon as he went down the hill out of sight, I twisted my hair all up in a snug little bob, and while the wound was fresh I proceeded to gather up all the shaky knives and forks I could find, and mended them, so that they were better than when first bought.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

TEMPERANCE INFLUENCE.—It is a common mode of argument among those who excuse themselves for dissipation by saying: "What good is done by temperance societies and temperance speeches? There is just as much drinking as ever." A rapid change has taken place in relation to using stimulants. It is now unpopular to be seen about tippling houses. If a man wants employment, the question is asked, "Does he drink?" If a young man is to be married, the question is asked, "Does he drink?" If he applies for membership in the Masonic, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, or any other Order, still the question is, "Does he drink?" And so it is, all business is governed by the principle of temperance; no man has the confidence of his neighbor if he drinks. The newspaper organs of the Orders have hoisted the banner of temperance, and some of the lodges have established it as a rule that a drinking man, or one who deals in liquor, is not fit for membership.

The New Northwest.

A Journal for the People.
Devoted to the Interests of Humanity.
Independent in Politics and Religion.
Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

EDNA.

BY MAX O'RILEY.

Near by a foul, meandering stream, whose sides are lined by bog,
And o'er whose bosom nightly creeps a dense malarious fog,
There stands upon the rising ground a farm-house old and gray,
That bears upon its roof and walls the hand of slow decay.

Here Edna lives; and here her face looks welcome to her guests,
Who oftimes seek the old farm-house to mingle with her jests;
But some there are who do not come for play of wit alone;
They come to win the heart that beats beneath her silvery tone.

For of all the country daughters 'round, there's none so fair as she;
Nor is there one with heart more warm, or half so gay and free;
And many a swain at parting waits, when faint good-byes are said,
To look again on tresses dark that crown a faultless head.

And then upon the tapering hand the eyes impulsive dwell,
As if within its velvet touch lives all the witching spell.
Few e'er recross the old threshold with heart as 'twas before,
For each one finds in Edna's face some charm he must adore.

No voice but hers such music gives, no other eyes such light;
Like some magnetic glow within two ebon balls of night
Those eyes at once electrify, then in an instant freeze—
One glance contains the flash of love, the next the smile to please.

Among the herd of human forms she reigns the fairy queen,
And sheds around a loftier light, like angels in a dream.
Long may she live, and may the power that called her into life
Bless and protect her and the man that some day calls her wife.

Human Longevity.

"If you want to know how long you will live," said an eminent English practitioner, "go and consult the gravestones of your ancestors." There can be little doubt that inherited qualities are widely manifested in this, as well as in other vital phenomena. In fact, the physical improvement of families and races would be difficult to effect if the laws of inheritance are set at naught.

Franklin relates in his autobiography that old people in his village assured him that his own nature and constitution were so completely those of one of his uncles, whose death occurred four years before Franklin's birth, that if those events had coincided, they might have passed for a case of transmigration of souls. An equally striking likeness existed between two brothers, Khasak and Ourbrusk, sons of a Persian prince who was killed in 1815, in the Russian service. Khasak, the elder by three years, usually resided in St. Petersburg, but often traveled. All Paris knew Ourbrusk, who was constantly to be seen at the libraries, and especially at every first performance at the lyrical theaters. To comple the resemblance, they both died recently at the age of eighty-two.

In spite of certain alterations, the typical features peculiar to the house of Guise and Lorraine were transmitted to all their descendants through a long series of generations. The Bourbon countenance, the Condes' aquiline nose, the thick and protruding lower lip, bequeathed to the house of Austria by a Polish princess, are well-known instances. We have only to look at a coin of George the Third to be reminded of the present royal family of England. During Addison's short ministry, Mrs. Clarke, who solicited his favor, had been requested to bring with her the papers proving that she was Milton's daughter. But as soon as she entered his cabinet, Addison said, "Madam, I require no further evidence. Your resemblance to your illustrious father is the best of all."

The Count de Pont, who died in 1867 at the age of nearly a hundred, told Dr. Foissac that, during the Restoration, he often met in the salons a M. Desmousseaux de Givre, prefect of Arras, a man at whose approah he shuddered, as he would at the sight of an apparition, so wonderfully was he like Robespierre. M. de Font confided his impression to the prefect, who told him, smiling at his prejudice, that the person in question passed for Robespierre's natural son; that, in fact, it was a matter of notoriety.

A lady who suspected that her husband was in the habit of kissing Katy, the maid, resolved to detect him in the act. After watching for days, she heard him come in one evening and pass quietly through into the kitchen. Now, Katy was out that evening and the kitchen was dark. Burning with jealousy, the wife took some matches in her hand, and hastily placing her shawl over her head, as Katy sometimes did, entered the kitchen by the back door and was almost immediately siezed and embraced in the most ardent manner. With her heart almost bursting with rage and jealousy, the injured wife prepared to administer a terrible rebuke to her erring spouse. Tearing herself from his foul embrace, she struck a match and stood face to face with—the hired man. Her husband says his wife has never treated him so well since the first month they were married as she has for the past few days.

A CURIOUS CASE.—An eccentric Englishman, fearing that the attacks of certain scientific men upon the Mosaic account of the creation will result in the total disappearance from literature of the Book of Genesis, has freighted a vessel with 10,000 tightly-corked bottles, each containing the story of the Garden of Eden, and sent them to the Arctic regions. There the bottles are to be imbedded in the snow, where it is supposed they will remain until the gradual shifting of the earth's axis shall bring about a climatic change, and the bottles will be set free, to gladden the eyes of future generations. He should have bottled himself up and gone with them. Future generations might perhaps take him for Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, or even Noah himself.

"There's no humbug about these sardines," said Brown, as he helped himself to a third plateful from a newly-opened box; "they are the genuine article, and came all the way from the Mediterranean." "Yes," replied his economical wife, "and if you will only control your appetite, they will go a great deal farther."

The disease which causes the largest amount of mortality in San Francisco, is phthisis, or pulmonary consumption. Of 85 deaths reported for the week ending January 15, this disease caused 16.